

KIDDERMINSTER'S NEW INDUSTRY: PICTURES

# The Daily Mirror

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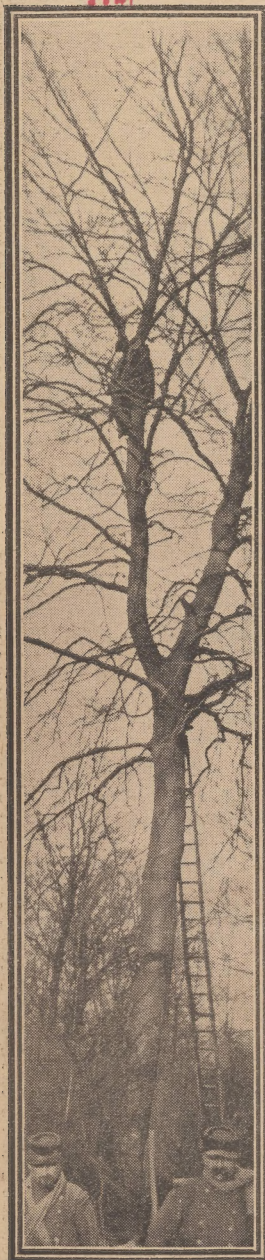
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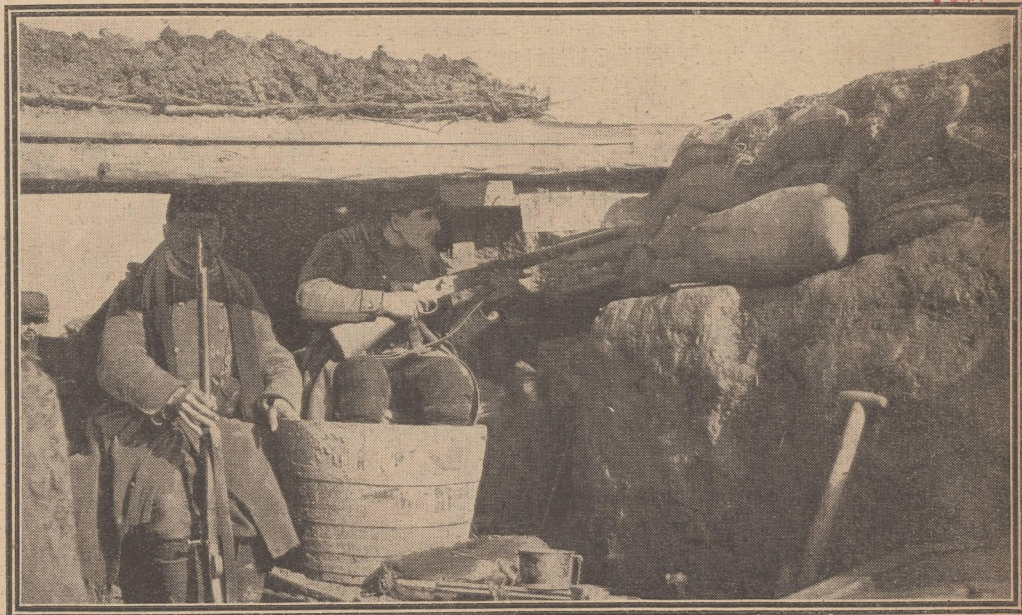
16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

IN THE FRENCH FIRING LINES: THE "DAILY MIRROR'S" OFFICIAL  
VISIT TO OUR HEROIC ALLIES IN THE FIELD.



French "dummy" sniper in tree  
draws fire.



A French sniper busily engaged in picking off Germans. His feet are in a tub of straw for warmth.



The entrenched main street of the village of Lihons. German trenches are only six yards away in places.

These remarkable photographs were taken in the French firing lines by Mr. Horace Grant, the well-known *Daily Mirror* staff photographer, who, in response to an invitation from the French Government to *The Daily Mirror*, visited the most advanced

French trenches. "The spirit of the French soldiers is magnificent," says Mr. Grant, "and they feel now their superiority to the enemy." He saw the wonderful "75" guns doing terrible execution in the German ranks.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, London, E. C.



# WHAT "THE DAILY MIRROR" SAW IN THE FRENCH FIGHTING LINES.



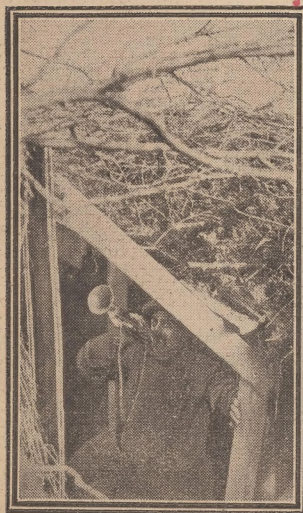
A Moroccan sniper at work. German trenches were 400 yards away.



A carefully concealed French battery smothered in branches.



A wrecked church tower. The figure of the Virgin suspended.



Bugler warning a battery to take cover as German aeroplane is in sight. The guns were then covered.



There are many signposts to show you your way round the "Trench country," which is practically underground.



Trenches and soldiers' graves are in many places side by side, as seen in this photograph.



A lonely soldier's grave nearly submerged by the floods. You can still see the cross.



## LEEK AND DAFFODIL DAY FOR WALES.

New Welsh Guards Take Up Duty at Buckingham Palace.

### "JUST ONE WORD."

The leek and the daffodil tied yesterday—St. David's Day—in the contest for the honour of being the Welsh national emblem.

At Swansea, states one message, one person in three was seen wearing daffodils, and no leeks were to be seen at all.

When the new Welsh army corps was reviewed by General Sir Hector Mackinnon at Llandudno yesterday each soldier wore a leek.

Mr. Lloyd George was present, and when the march past was concluded the crowd broke through and surrounded the improvised platform, calling upon the Chancellor for a speech.

At first he refused, but on a stentorian voice shouting out in Welsh, "Dair gach yn gynnes!" ("Just a word, the Chancellor said: "This is not the time for a speech. We have not finished our business. I will come here and speak to you some other time.")

Flags, which were sold to raise funds for comforts for Welsh soldiers, were more generally worn at Llandudno than the leek or the daffodil.

In London daffodils, leeks and flags were worn.

### RED DRAGON FLAGS.

Daffodils, leeks and little "red dragon" buttonhole flags were to be seen all over London yesterday. "What on earth are they celebrating?" asked the ignorant Londoner. "I've never seen such a curious display in my life."

St. David's Day was celebrated in many novel ways in London yesterday. The most important function was the first official appearance of the



The Welsh flag was flown yesterday from 11, Downing-street, the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

newly-formed Welsh Guards, who did "sentry-go" at Buckingham Palace for the first time.

Over 1,000 people watched the Welsh Guards as they marched over from Wellington Barracks to the Palace as the band played stirring Welsh songs, including "The Green's Dream," "Men of Harlech" and "Land of My Fathers."

A number of wounded soldiers of different Welsh regiments were interviewed by the press at the ceremony. Nearly all of them wore leeks in their caps. A number of pretty Welsh girls, wearing their national costume with tall, conical hats and white socks, were selling little flags, on which was the red Welsh dragon.

One of the first calls which they made was at the house of Mr. Lloyd George in Downing-street.

### WORK AND DRINKING.

Mr. Lloyd George's remarks on work and inebriety and the Government anti-drink action, which he foreshadowed, while they naturally commend themselves to temperance workers, have evoked a good deal of feeling.

An outspoken criticism of the Chancellor and his views was given by Mr. H. George Robinson, general secretary and parliamentary agent of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League.

"It is strange that remarks of such a nature should come from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Government which is obtaining from the trade itself, by a measure recently imposed, an extra seventeen millions a year revenue," said Mr. Robinson.

He added: "I regard that notion of his speech as a slur on a body of men (the Clyde engineers), who perhaps may have chosen the wrong moment for their action because of a want of conception of the gravity of the cessation of work, and who in ordinary circumstances are not men against whom any charge of inebriety can be made."

Mr. Alexander Thomson, parliamentary agent to the United Kingdom Alliance, welcomes the Chancellor's remarks as a promise of something towards what the alliance and other temperance organisations have been asking for some time.

The Rev. G. A. Thompson, secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, is of opinion that the limitation of the sale of drink to the dinner hour and for an hour or two after ceasing work would make a big difference, and restriction in that direction might possibly meet the case.

## CHARY OF JEWELS.

Women Buying Few, Most Purchases Being Made by Men Leaving for Front.

### KEENNESS FOR THE NEW STYLES

Women are busily shopping as usual. The West End shopping thoroughfares were crowded yesterday with women in search of novelties and bargains.

The *Daily Mirror* discovered yesterday that women are chary of buying expensive articles of luxury.

"Women will not buy very expensive goods in the absence of their menfolk," said a representative of a well-known jeweller. "The highest-priced jewels are being bought by men who want to give presents before leaving for the front, and we are selling a great deal of highly-priced gifts."

Many of our artists are at the war and we have almost sold out of wrist watches and cannot replace them, for we have not the workmen to carry out the designs in Paris."

At a large store the manager said that women were less keen on procuring the new styles as usual.

### CANNOT PUT IT DOWN.

Readers' High Praise of New "Daily Mirror" Serial Story That Will Make Soldiers.

Our splendid new serial, with its stirring message and charm of romance, has made an instantaneous success!

It is always pleasant to know that our readers are pleased, and throughout yesterday there was abundance of proof that "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," had found hearty favour.

There is no doubt that it is one of the best serials that have ever been published. Miss Ruby M. Ayres has accomplished a splendid piece of work.

Many telegrams and letters of congratulation reached *The Daily Mirror* showing that our readers are in full agreement with our opinion that the new serial is a great story.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly*, telegraphed:—

"The story opens excellently, and I am in the warmest sympathy with its object. It should be read by every shirker to shame him out of his inaction. I look to women with confidence to send their men to the field. I do not doubt you will show the way."

Another telegram came from the Rev. A. J. Walburn, the Vicar of Brixton and the author of "Should a Woman Tell?" His message was:

"Your new serial is very strongly written. It grips from the commencement. You feel that you cannot put it down; you must go on with it. It should prove a great value to both sexes—on behalf of enlistment particularly. I am very pleased to see that it deals with the woman's side of the war."

Major H. H. Enderby, Adjutant of the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion, wired:—

"Your powerful new serial, with its recruiting message, should attract everyone. The interest taken by your paper in the burning question of the hour—the enlistment of soldiers—is laudable in the extreme."

The further you proceed with the story of "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," the more you will realise that it is one of the greatest human serials ever written.

### BANK BOOKS LOST AT THE FRONT.

The Post Office Savings Bank having found difficulty in dealing with the savings bank accounts of soldiers, whose deposit books are reported lost on active service, the Post Office authorities, says an Army Order issued yesterday, advise soldiers who are depositors that they should, as a precaution, furnish some relative with information:—

(1) Name of the post-office at which the account was opened; and

(2) Number of the account.

These particulars are printed on the outside cover of the deposit book, and will, in the event of the loss of the book, enable the account to be readily traced.

### "MAD DOG" COUNT RECALLED.

New York, March 1.—The *Times* Washington correspondent learns that Count Bernstorff will shortly be summoned to Berlin to report regarding matters affecting Germany and the United States, and that he will not return.

The report says that Baron Treutler will be the new Ambassador, and declares that the Ambassador's indiscreet utterances, like that of October, to the effect that Canada in sending troops across had forfeited her claim to inviolability by the United States under the Monroe Doctrine, and that therefore Germany had a perfect right to invade Canada, are the cause of his retirement.—Reuter.

### REALM ACT CASE DISMISSED.

Ernest Anderson, accountant, of Salisbury-road, Forest Hill, was charged at Portsmouth yesterday on remand under the Defence of the Realm Act with saying that the Kaiser was the rightful King of England, and also that the Germans treated their prisoners better than the British did there. The case was dismissed.

It was alleged that the statements were made in conversation with the managers of the hotel at which Anderson was staying, but he denied her version of the conversation.

## FRISKY MARCH "LAMB."

Sharp Hailstorm Descends in London from Cloudless Sun-Swept Sky.

### BLIZZARD IN DERBYSHIRE.

March came in "like a frisky lamb" yesterday and—added a little "conjuring feat" in weather by way of variety.

With a cloudless blue sky immediately overhead and the sun shining brightly, a sharp hailstorm descended upon London just after noon.

The storm only lasted a few minutes, but it was sufficient to make people scurry for shelter, while on passengers on the tops of motor-omnibuses the hailstones—some of them nearly as big as peas—descended with stinging force.

"Where is the hail coming from?" was the question most people were asking, as they looked in all directions for clouds. In the north-west there were bunches of light, fleecy clouds and the hail, borne along by the strong north-west wind, must have come from these.

Despite the cold, raw wind, yesterday was a delightful day to be out of doors. At twelve noon the sun temperature, registered by Mr. Steward, of Charing Cross, was no less than 77deg., while the shade temperature was 75deg.

A fierce snowstorm prevailed in the Peak of Derbyshire, and the hill districts experienced a blizzard, a terrific gale being accompanied by heavy snow.

At Grenoble, in France, says Reuter, several avalanches have fallen, causing floods and serious damage.

## BANKNOTES IN GRAVE.

Widow Denies She Wrote Mysterious Letter

"X"—Beck Case Echo.

A mysterious letter marked "X" was the subject of discussion in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed. The letter, brought by Mrs. Emily Hague, a doctor's widow, against Mr. Thomas Bidwell Benton, a corn merchant, for £385, which is the balance, she says, due to her of £1,050 which she lent to him.

Her story is that she took the money from a tin box containing £12,200 in banknotes hidden in her mother's grave at Forest Hill. Mr. Benton denies that any money was lent to him at all.

Letter "X" is a letter purporting to have been written by her, the authorship of which she denies.

Mr. Gerald F. Gurrin, the handwriting expert, per continued his evidence. He has said that he considers the letter to have been written by Mrs. Hague.

Mr. Lewis Thomas, cross-examining, reminded Beck was not twice convicted on the evidence of an expert, and whether the witness's father was not the expert.

Mr. Gurrin: He gave evidence twice. Counsel: After the evidence of your father Beck was convicted.

"If you put it that he was convicted as a result of that evidence," replied the expert's counsel, "I say yes. I do not know what the evidence was."

Mrs. Hague was then recalled by the Judge. Asked again whether she wrote the letter in question, she replied: "No. Had I done so I would have said so at first."

The hearing was again adjourned.

## URGING STRIKERS TO RETURN.

The feeling in the West of Scotland, it is stated, is now pretty general that the leaders of the Clyde engineers' will influence the strikers to return to work, as the work is likely to be resumed to-day or to-morrow.

Mr. Isaac Mitchell, of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, arrived in Glasgow yesterday and got into immediate touch with the officials.

At six meetings in Glasgow and other districts yesterday afternoon representatives of the executive council from London asked the men to support the council's policy and to fall in with the wishes of the Government and to resume work immediately.

## LORD SHEFFIELD ON PEACE TERMS

"The time has come for England to proclaim the terms upon which peace should be made, and these should include full compensation to those who have suffered by any way with ample damages in addition to indemnities."

So says Lord Sheffield of Alderley in a communication to the Knutsford Divisional Council. He goes on to say that the Germans had ample means to pay all this. They had only to abandon their military budget, which had made them a nuisance and the terror of Europe.

He would also invite Europe—especially neutral States—to enter into agreements that if they are prepared to resist aggression by force they will exclude from all commercial intercourse nations acting as Germany has done.

## BREAD IN STARCHED SHIRTS.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—It is reported that the reason why Germans are unable to wear starched linen is that in consequence of the wheat famine the authorities have ordered the all starch must in future be used solely for the making of bread.—Exchange Special.

## ROUTED HUNS CHASED BY TSAR'S CAVALRY.

Russian Horsemen's Dash to Reap Fruits of Victory.

### ADVANCE EVERY DAY.

Stirring and cheerful news came yesterday from the Russian Headquarters.

The offensive has passed into the hands of the Tsar's troops, and every day appreciable progress is made.

Guns and men are reported to have been captured from the Germans' finest Army Corps, the 21st.

Our Allies' troops, it is stated, are so full of enthusiasm they anticipate the Germans' attacks and rush out to meet the advancing foe.

### CHASED BY CAVALRY.

PETROGRAD, March 1.—A personal inspection of the battlefield in the region of Przasnyz furnishes ample proof of the importance of the Russian victory.

So hurried and disordered was the retreat of the enemy that they left behind them two heavy guns, eight field guns and a number of machine guns and motors.

The Germans fled precipitately during the night, but the Russian cavalry followed in hot pursuit and, brilliantly attacking, succeeded in capturing further cannon.

Mounds of German dead were found in their abandoned trenches, and hundreds of bodies were left scattered along the roads, the rifles and accoutrements of the dead Germans being found at intervals all over the battlefield.

Large numbers of slightly wounded Germans were found on the roads.

The special correspondent of the *Nevoje Vremya* states that he encountered numerous parties of German prisoners being escorted to the Russian rear.—Central News.

## CAPTIVES FROM FOE'S BEST CORPS.

PETROGRAD, March 1.—An official statement issued last night says:—

"The prisoners and guns captured to the north of Grodno belong to the best German army corps—the 21st—of the German army."

The initiative in the fighting to the north of Grodno has passed to us.

The Germans, notwithstanding the poor success that attended their efforts in the Edivnobor region, continue their attacks, but these are wanting in vigour.

The courage of our troops may be seen from the fact that even in sectors where we are not making any serious effort they anticipate advances by the enemy and rush out to attack him.

Our progress in the Przasnyz region continues, and in certain sectors is distinctly marked.

In these we are capturing prisoners in rapid succession—taking from 500 to 800 prisoners in each.

### ADVANCES EVERY DAY.

In other sectors the Germans are delivering counter-attacks, bringing into their first line fresh reinforcements which have just arrived.

But, although certain villages change hands, our front, on the whole, in these sectors advances considerably every day.

German prisoners complained in many places that their units became so inextricably confused that it was impossible to maintain any semblance of order, and the supply of ammunition for the firing line ceased altogether.

Since February 1st, our troops have driven the enemy back for a distance of eleven miles, but in others, where counter-attacks have been frequent, we have advanced only two or three miles.—Reuter.

## SWEETS THAT WERE DANGEROUS.

Two Italian confectioners were summoned at Barrow yesterday for selling sweets known as "chocolate humpbugs," which the public analyst certified to contain matter equal to twelve minims of tincture of capsicum of the British Pharmacopoeia.

The medical officer said each chocolate contained sufficient capsicum to cause acute gastritis, or, in the case of a weak-constipated person, hemorrhage of the lungs might be caused. A child might have spasms which would prove fatal.

Defendants guaranteed to withdraw the sweets from sale, and the wholesale manufacturers promised not to make further supplies.

The medical officer added that he would be satisfied with the publicity given to the case, and the Bench imposed a nominal fine of 5s. and costs.

## MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.

Funds are being sought for a national testimonial to Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., who, single-handed, smote eight Germans, captured two and saved an entire company of Irish Guards.

The Earl of Bandon and the Lord Mayor of Cork are interesting themselves in the movement, and at Macroom, Co. Cork, a few miles from O'Leary's home, a representative committee has been formed to take charge of the fund.

Senator Henrique Cardoso, a deputy, was shot at and killed when he was about to enter the building of the Republican Authorities, says a Reuter Lisbon message.



# BLOCKADE OF GERMANY TO BE THE ALLIES' REPLY TO SEA PIRACY

**Mr. Asquith's Momentous Statement in House of Commons.**

**NO COMMODITIES TO ENTER OR LEAVE Foe's PORTS.**

**German Submarine Sunk by a Steamer in the English Channel.**

**SEA PIRATES' DOOM OFF BEACHY HEAD.**

Great Britain and France will take measures to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany.

"I say emphatically, and not only to our enemies, that, under existing conditions there is no form of economic pressure which we do not consider ourselves entitled to exert."

In these plain, forceful and uncompromising words Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons last night Britain's answer to Germany's sea piracy.

Outstanding points in his speech were:—

The British and French Governments hold themselves free to attack ships carrying goods to presumed enemy destinations.

Germany has taken a step without precedence in history by mobilising and organising, not on the surface of the sea but under the surface, a campaign of piracy and pillage.

The British Government regrets any inconvenience or loss of trade to neutrals, but begs them to remember that this phase of the war was not initiated by us.

"We shall do what we intend to do solely in self-defence," said the Premier.

By the end of March, he said, the war would have cost us £382,000,000, and from April 1 our war expenditure would be £2,000,000 a day.

The French and British Ambassadors at Washington yesterday notified the United States of the Allies' intention to prevent shipments to Germany and Austria.

News reached "The Daily Mirror" this morning that a German submarine was sunk off Beachy Head yesterday morning by the steamer Thoradisi (Thoridis?), whose skipper is John William Bell.

**FRENCH CAPTURE GERMAN BLOCKHOUSE.**

**Heavy Losses Inflicted on the Enemy in Champagne—Foe's Attacks Fail.**

PARIS, March 1.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

Rain and snow storms hindered operations at many points of the front.

In Champagne we repulsed north of Mesnil a strong counter-attack and we maintained all our gains of yesterday, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy.

In the same region we made fresh progress.

Near Pont a Mousson, in the Bois le Pretre we carried a blockhouse.

At Sultzere, north-west of Munster, we repulsed an attack of considerable strength on Sunday night.

We captured prisoners in both these affairs. In the Harnmannswellerkopf we kept the ground we had won in spite of German counter-attacks.—Reuter.

**MILE-LONG ADVANCE.**

PARIS, March 1.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There is nothing to add to the communiqué of yesterday evening except that in Champagne the different points of vantage successively secured now form a continuous line about a mile long to the north and north-west of Perthes.

In the Vosges our attacks have made slight progress at Chapelotte, north of Celles.—Reuter.

**FOE'S 99 ARMY CORPS.**

PARIS, March 1.—The following official statement is published here:—

The foreign newspapers have published incorrect statements relating to the distribution of the German forces on the fronts in the east and west.

They have, in particular, stated that four or five army corps have been drafted from the west to the east. This is inaccurate.

In totalling up the army corps on the eastern front it is found that the Germans have thirty army corps there, plus the Austrian troops, representing about twenty-two corps. On the French front the Germans have forty-seven army corps.—Central News.

(An army corps comprises 40,000 to 50,000 men.)



Welsh soldiers at Llandudno buy buttonhole flags for the benefit of the wounded in hospital. They are all wearing the leek in their caps.

## "WHERE IS GERMAN NAVY?" ASKS PREMIER.

**Plain Words to Pirates by Mr. Asquith—Coming Triumphal Advance of Allies Against the Huns.**

In asking the House of Commons to sanction the new Votes of Credit for £37,000,000 (1914-15) and £250,000,000, Mr. Asquith yesterday made a striking declaration of the Allies' intention to prosecute the war to a "durable triumph."

Speaking with great emphasis he said the first of the votes was a supplementary Vote of Credit, and the second was the Vote of Credit for the next financial year.

Last August the House voted the first sum of £100,000,000, and in November last another £225,000,000; but it was found that this sum did not suffice for the expenditure up to March 31 next.

**£362,000,000 NEEDED.**

They were therefore asking for another £37,000,000, and if the Committee assented to their proposals that would raise the total granted by votes of credit to £362,000,000. This demand, "the largest ever made in the House of Commons," was made, said the Premier, in the full conviction, after seven months of war, that the country and the whole Empire were every whit as determined as at the outset, if need be, at the cost of all we command both in men and money, to bring a righteous cause to a triumphant issue.

"Nothing has shaken and nothing can shake our faith in the unbroken spirit of Belgium, in the undefeated heroism of indomitable Serbia, of the tenacity and resource with which our great Allies, one in the West and the other in the East, hold their far-flung lines, and will continue to hold them until the hour comes for an irresistible and decisive advance."

**CONFIDENT OF VICTORY.**

"Without entering into any strategic detail I can assure the Committee that, with the knowledge and experience we have gained, his Majesty's Government have never been more confident than they are to-day of the power, as well as the will, of the Allies to achieve an ultimate and durable victory."

## FLEET AND THE PIRATES

Dealing with prominent aspects of the war, Mr. Asquith first mentioned the Dardanelles blockade.

It was a good rule in war to concentrate your forces in the main theatre.

There had not, and would not be any weakening of the forces which were at work in France or Flanders, and they were decided that there should be no weakening of the Grand Fleet.

Then came the turn of the sea pirates, and Mr. Asquith, speaking of the "so-called German blockade," said, with an emphasis that caught the humour of the House, "I shall have to use some very plain language."

**GERMANY'S CLIMAX?**

"The war has been carried on by Germany with a systematic violation of all conventions and practices."

"She has now—I do not say reached her climax, we do not know what may yet be to come, she has taken a further step without precedence in history, by mobilising and organising, not on the surface of the sea, but under the surface, a campaign of piracy and pillage."

## DACIA TOWED TO BREST.

PARIS, March 1.—A telegram from Brest says that the Dacia, which was moored in the roads, has been towed into the naval harbour.—Central News.

PARIS, Feb. 28.—Commenting on the seizure of the Dacia, the Temps says:—

"International law does not recognise the purchase by neutrals of ships belonging to belligerents with the object of evading the consequences of a state of war."—Reuter.

ising, not on the surface of the sea, but under the surface, a campaign of piracy and pillage.

"Are we can we—and here I address myself to the neutral countries of the world—are we, shall we sit quiet, as though we were still under the protection and restricting rules of humanitarian warfare? We cannot."

"What is a blockade?" asked the Premier.

"A blockade," he went on, "consists of sealing up all the ports of a belligerent against sea-borne traffic by encircling their coasts with an impregnable line of ships of war."

"Where are those ships? (Laughter and cheers.) Where is the German Navy? What has become of those gigantic battleships and cruisers upon which so many millions of money have been spent, and in which such vast hopes and ambitions have been invested?"

**THE RUNAWAYS.**

Their object was the same—murder and wholesale destruction of property in undefended seaside towns, and on each occasion when they caught sight of the approaching British force they showed a clean pair of heels.

The German Fleet had not blockaded, could not blockade, and never would blockade.

They heard whispers of the possible terms of peace, the Premier continued. Peace was the greatest of human goods, but that was not the time to talk of peace.

They would never sheathe the sword till one and all of the objects for which they had gone to war had been achieved. (Loud cheers.)

## WHAT WILL BE DONE.

Germany, by her methods of warfare, said Mr. Asquith, had driven her opponent to retaliatory measures in order, in their turn, to prevent commodities of any kind from reaching or leaving Germany.

These measures would be enforced by the British and the French Governments without risk to neutral ships or to neutrals or non-combatants, and in accordance with the strict observance of the dictates of humanity.

"The British and French Governments hold themselves free to detain and take into port ships carrying goods of presumed enemy destination, ownership or origin, but it is not intended to confiscate such vessels, or their cargoes, unless they would otherwise be liable to confiscation." (Loud cheers.)

**A WORD TO NEUTRALS.**

They would carefully avoid any measures which would violate the rules of either honesty or honesty; but, subject to these two conditions—

"I say, Sir, to our enemy, on behalf of the Government and on behalf of the House of Commons, that under existing conditions there is no form of economic pressure to which we do not consider ourselves entitled to resort."

"If neutrals suffer inconvenience and loss of trade we regret it," said Mr. Asquith, "but we beg them to remember that this phase of the war was not initiated by us."

The Premier closed with a fine appeal to workers at home to end disputes.

Mr. Bonar Law, who now said the Government would have the full support of the Opposition.

## INDIA'S £8,000,000 BILL.

Extraordinary war expenditure occurred in India on behalf of the Imperial Government is estimated in a summary of the Government of India's financial statement to be about £8,750,000.

Estimates in the present Budget include provision for the payment by India of the ordinary charges of the Expeditionary Forces approximately £1,900,000 in 1914-15 and £4,800,000 in 1915-16.

## £5,000 OFFER FOR WAR SNAPSHOTS.

**"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Help Amateur Photography.**

**SEND YOUR FILMS NOW.**

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250, and £100 for the first, second, and third most interesting photographs of a war happening, has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

## DEFEAT OF TWO GERMAN ARMY CORPS.

**Russians Throw Back Enemy's Great Force at Prasnysz.**

PETERSBURG, March 1.—A dispatch from the Army Headquarters to-night says:—

We concluded yesterday the operations round Prasnysz, where we have defeated not less than two army corps and thrown them back to the frontier.—Reuter.

**TURKISH PORT CAPTURED.**

PETERSBURG, March 1.—A dispatch from the headquarters of the army of the Caucasus says:—Our troops operating in the coast region yesterday occupied the port of Khopa (on the Black Sea) near Batumi, which was a place of great military importance to the Turks.—Reuter.

## STORMY DARDANELLES.

The Secretary of the Admiralty last night made the following announcement:—

"The operations in the Dardanelles are again delayed by unfavourable weather. A strong north-easterly gale is blowing with rain and sleet, which will render long range fire and aeroplane observation difficult."

ROME, March 1.—A private telegram from Salonika says that the Dardanelles Straits is now free for the passage of seven and a half miles. The Turkish losses from the bombardment in killed and wounded amount to 5,000.—Central News.

ATHENS, March 1.—The *Patris* announces that at noon on Saturday the Allied naval squadrons recommenced the bombardment of the interior forts of the Dardanelles.

The powder magazine at Mesheri was blown up, the explosion causing many casualties.

At five o'clock the British and French warships went up the Straits as far as the Carophonia Lighthouse, near Kild Bahr. The Tsana and Kalmar, the European shore have been silenced.—Central News.

ROME, March 1.—An official telegram from Athens states that the Allies have bombarded Xyros, sweeping the Turkish encampments, which were burned.

Travellers by steamer arriving from Beyroust state that the Turks are concentrating 29,000 men there, entirely commanded by Germans.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, March 1.—The captain of the Dutch steamer Scheldestroom, which to-day arrived at Ymuiden, reports having seen on Friday, eight miles west of the Mouse Lightship, a balloon with black stripes floating on the sea, and entangled with it a black object, which the captain took to be a mine.—Reuter.



# "My Glaxo Baby is a real Bundle of Joy"

so says one happy mother. Another says, "We have no bad nights with baby, he is contented and jolly, and the way to his heart is through Glaxo only."

Only a mother can know the joy and comfort there is in the possession of a happy, contented baby—and only a mother can tell of the anxiety and suspense she goes through when baby is ailing, fretful and not thriving as he should.

And mother knows, too, that baby's happiness and good health—and her own peace—depend upon nothing so much as upon baby having the right food.

More and more mothers are day by day finding that this food is Glaxo, and no efforts of our own have been so successful in spreading the fame of Glaxo as the recommendations of mothers themselves. "When I see a weakly baby," writes Mrs. G—, "I say to the mother—'you try Glaxo, it worked wonders for my baby'—and all over the world it is becoming known that even a baby whose digestion has been well-nigh ruined by

wrong-feeding will keep Glaxo down and soon become the happy, thriving baby that every mother loves to see. Mrs. G—'s own baby is a remarkable example.

This baby could keep nothing down and at 18 months weighed only 10lbs. But her mother obtained a sample of Glaxo and finding that baby retained it, she persevered with it—with the result that the

baby continued to improve and in six months increased her weight to 32½lbs. She has never been sick or ailing since, and her mother says, "I feel I cannot say enough for Glaxo, as it proved such a blessing to my Baby."

If Mrs. G—'s baby had had Glaxo from the beginning, Mrs. G— would have been spared all the worry and anxiety she had to go through, and if you insist from the first that, if your baby cannot have his mother's milk, he must have Glaxo—you will be giving both your baby and yourself the best possible chance of happiness and contentment. Breast-milk is a baby's natural food and he should have as much of it as he can get so long as it agrees with him. If it is insufficient to satisfy him it can generally be improved by the mother herself taking Glaxo, or baby can have Glaxo in turn with the breast. As a Nurse of great experience says: "Glaxo is about the only food that can be given while the mother is still nursing, it never upsets the baby."

## Glaxo

Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.  
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain

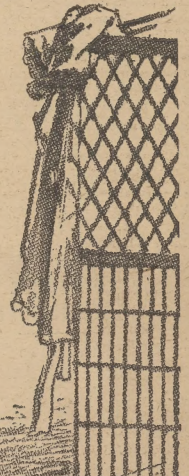
### "Builds Bonnie Babies"

21-21-21. Tins of all Chemists and Stores.

Whether Glaxo is given in turn with breast-milk or as a sole food from birth, baby will be happy and contented, because Glaxo is entirely the best of pure, fresh milk and cream, with all its sweetness and purity fixed and retained by the Glaxo Process until it is consumed by Baby. Like breast-milk, Glaxo is entirely free from starch, flour, malt, malt-extract, cane sugar, colouring matter, or preservatives, and the Glaxo Process makes it germ free and as easily digestible as breast-milk.

Give your baby Glaxo and his steady increase in size and weight, his contented disposition and merry spirits, will be an ever-increasing source of joy to you—you will have peaceful nights and happy days—and, as you watch your baby steadily building up a healthy, sturdy constitution, you will know that wonderful pride and joy which successful motherhood alone can bring.

Ask your Doctor!



## FREE to everyone who loves a Baby—the 72-page Glaxo Baby Book

If you have the care of a baby you will find a copy of the Glaxo Baby Book invaluable. That it is full of information about Baby can be seen by the Table of Contents printed below. The book contains 72 beautifully printed and illustrated pages full of useful hints on how baby should be bathed, clothed and fed; how he should sleep; how to recognise and deal with the ailments to which babyhood is subject; a complete feeding Time Table from birth to twelve months and a long list of useful recipes for baby's diet up to 2½ years. With every copy is also sent a Weight Chart which enables you to record baby's progress all through his first year. For 3d. in stamps a Trial Tin of Glaxo will also be sent.

### CONTENTS OF THE GLAXO BABY BOOK

Page	Page	Page
Adenoids .....	Development .....	Night Feeds .....
Advice to a Mother .....	Diarrhoea .....	Nursery .....
Albumen Water .....	Dietaries 9 to 12 months .....	Nursing Mothers .....
Albumen .....	12 to 15 .....	Premature Babies .....
Analysis .....	15 to 21 years .....	Quinsy .....
Bathing Baby .....	Dill Water .....	Rescues .....
Beef Juice .....	Diphtheria .....	Rescues .....
Beef Tea .....	Dysentery .....	Restless Sleep .....
Bow Legs .....	Expectant Mothers .....	Rickets .....
Bread and Glaxo .....	Export "Glaxo" .....	Rineworm .....
Bronchitis .....	Feeding Baby .....	Scalds .....
Broth (Veal) .....	Feeding Bottles .....	Scarlet Fever .....
Burns .....	Fever .....	Scurvy .....
Capacity of Baby's .....	Fruit Juice .....	Sleep .....
Stomach .....	German Measles .....	Squint .....
Chafing .....	Glaxo—What it is .....	Teething .....
Chicken Pox .....	Analysis .....	Time Table for Feeding .....
Chilblains .....	Compared to Milk .....	21 to 24 months .....
Clothing .....	Directions for pre- .....	Thrush .....
Colds .....	paring .....	Tonsillitis .....
Colic .....	Hiccough .....	Typhoid .....
Conjunctivitis .....	Infectious Diseases .....	Vaccination .....
Constipation .....	Jaundice .....	Vomiting .....
Convulsions .....	Measles .....	Weight Chart .....
Croup .....	Menstrue .....	Whooping Cough .....
Custard .....	Meat Juice .....	When Baby goes out .....
Delicate Babies .....	Medical Press .....	
	Medicine Chest .....	
	Mumps .....	



### The Perfect Feeder

British-made Throughout

"The Practitioner" says:—"We have carefully examined the Glaxo Feeder, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best that has come to our notice. It is remarkably simple; easily cleaned; does not crack when put from hot into cold liquids; its dosage can be accurately measured from both ends; the valve and test cannot be pulled off by baby while feeding. Its shape is an immense improvement on the usual style."

## Glaxo Feeder

Feeder complete in box with Teat and Valve, 1s. Spare bottles, 7d. each. Teats, 5d. each. Valves 2d. each. If your chemist cannot supply you, send P.O. direct to Glaxo, 45B, King's-road, St. Pancras, N.W.

### Send this Coupon or a Postcard TO-DAY

To GLAXO, 45B, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to Everyone who loves a Baby. I INTEND TO USE GLAXO (1) To Improve Breast Milk. (2) In Turn with Breast Milk. (3) As a Sole Food for Baby.

(Please strike out the uses that don't apply to you.)

Name .....

Address .....

Chemist's Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book. D.Mr. 2/9/15.



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1915.

## WHY THE WAR IS OUR WAR.

AFTER Mr. Lloyd George's splendid speech on Sunday, there ought to be no longer any thinking or feeling men in Great Britain who fail to realise that there is a war on, and that that war is *our* war, as well as the war of the Continent.

Many people thought, that after the Scarborough affair, this fact that the war was *our* war, would be clear even to those who have neither relatives nor friends at the front. The usual industrial confusion and conflict make it doubtful if this, even now, is everywhere realised. One of the reasons that Mr. Lloyd George gave for the lack of such clear realisation was the sense of security given by the Navy. But, after Scarborough, even that placidity might well have been diminished; and a further reason for hesitations may be given, which is that the war was presented to the popular imagination, in its first weeks, as an enterprise to help others—to help Belgium, to drive the Germans out of France. It was not in those days made sufficiently clear that if the immediate cause of our intervention was Belgium, if the *causa causans* was the impossibility of our seeing Germany established on the Belgian coast—as, a century or more ago, we refused to see the French Republic at Antwerp—yet, none the less, this refusal and resistance were on our account as well as on theirs, and that the whole movement of the struggle and its main-flood are imperatively ours, not theirs alone—that we stand or fall with them in all our closest interests as well as in our ideals.

Many of our men still think France ought to thank us for helping her. It may just as well be said—as is being said by some people—that we ought to thank France for helping us. Both views are one-sided, false. There is no time for and no sense in such computations and compliments. In this issue, Britain and France are not two separate causes, supplementing one another, but thrillingly one cause—into which each has to pour its full strength without ceasing till the "heart's desire" of both is safely reached.

We believe that the bulk of our people are so pouring their strength forth, and as the months go on, our effort will be increasingly apparent. But, meanwhile, there is still one thought ready to quicken delayers, doubters, and all who bring difficulties, industrial or other, in the way—still a thought worth while suggesting to all who "try to make a bit out of it," as they see the Government pouring out money like water, as they have to do. This is, that quarrels amongst Englishmen, hesitations, arguments, industrial disputes, are plain treason and betrayal now of those who, impeded by no such irrelevancies, went out in the first frightful weeks and died in hundreds for us and made it possible by their sacrifice for us to say to-day that we look with keen hope towards the future. It is incredible that the most tried worker, or the most greedy employer, will nourish his greed or grievances if he thinks of the men who are now dead, yet who speak to him from Belgium and France. Such eloquence of those silent is more to us than the clearest speech of our Ministers here at home. And, even if the war had been not *our* war, even if the issue were remote, and not absolutely vital, as it is—even then these early men who stood up first to "take the bullet in the brain" would have made the struggle one to bind us all inseparably till the end. One thought of them, employers, workmen, or lingerers, and the war is to your conviction *ours* irrefutably, till we end it, and afterwards ours also in memory of those who took its meaning so gladly to their souls.

W. M.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### Moderate Fashions.

WHY CAN we not enjoy "moderation in all things," even in the matter of women's skirts? For some time past the spectacle of women limping, hobbling, waddling along our streets would have appeared utterly grotesque had it not been "the fashion" to bind the figure in a hideous, close-fitting sheath, hampering all natural movement and grace. I heartily agree with your correspondents who have no desire for the old insanitary and inane trailing skirt, but why, in the name of all common sense, should we now rush to the opposite extreme of absurdity in adopting the threatened "skirtlecock" skirt?

For my own part, I have no more intention of bowing to this new decree of fashion than I

as well as in the Army. It is the British form of the cafard, but, being directed against only one object, it has a simpler remedy than the misanthropic malady of the Frenchman. "But surely this is no time to fight Englishmen," said "W. M." to the recruit; and in so saying I venture to believe that "W. M." was mistaken. The chumper of toast most probably has his own grievance against "W. M.'s" friend—the colour of his hair, his manner of speaking, or what not; or if he lacks a grievance it is easy to give him one. Then there will be a stand-up fist fight, in honest British fashion, with the result that in a few minutes the dark imaginings will disappear as if by magic, and two sane men, who have worked off their bile, will shake hands and probably become good friends. Whereas if they were to

## SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOT HEARD OF THE WAR.

THESE DEAR OLD PEOPLE'S EYES NOT BEING WHAT THEY USED TO BE, THEY NEVER READ, AND AGE HAVING MADE THEM STONE DEAF, THEY CAN'T HEAR. THEY ARE THEREFORE HAPPILY UNAQUAINTED WITH THE FACT THAT A WAR IS GOING ON



THE INHABITANTS OF THE RUMJUMOTTOHITI ISLANDS ARE STILL UNCONSCIOUS OF ANY WARS BUT THEIR OWN



AND ANOTHER AND LARGER SECTION OF THE COMMUNITY ARE IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE OF THE WAR



The postal authorities have recently explained that certain remote South Atlantic islands, not having received a mail for the last seven months or so, probably do not yet know that there is a war on. Our cartoonist shows a few other happy ones in the same condition of ignorance. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

have done in the past. I have stoutly refused to make myself ridiculous and miserable by becoming a martyr to fashion's extremes. I notice that our gracious Queen Mary never appears in any of fashion's ridiculous extremes, but her sensibly out costumes are such as I have described above. If Englishwomen were content to dress according to the good taste of their Queen there would be fewer freaks seen in our streets.

COUNTRY GIRL.

### "FED-UPPISHNESS."

A MOST human sentence was that quoted by "W. M." in his article of Feb. 23. One of his recruit acquaintances says of another soldier: "He gets on my nerves... I can't stand his way of chumping up toast. When he eats biscuits I feel like bayoneting him. He is not a bad chap. But he gets on my nerves." This feeling of almost overpowering irritation over some trifle in habits, manners, or even appearance, which would attract little or no attention in other circumstances, is very common where men are thrown together, day and night, for long periods. It may be found in the forecabin, the construction camp, the outlying Colonial farm, and doubtless in politer circles,

continue simmering in silence God knows in what mad, dirty work the matter might end.

J. J.

### THE LITTLE APRON.

WHY HAS no one entered a plea for the revival of the dainty little short fancy apron? To the average masculine eye these charming little aprons are the most fascinating adjuncts to feminine dress, suggestive of an enchanting domesticity.

A MERE MAN.

### DESIDERIA.

Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind I turned to share the transport—O! with whom But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb, That spot which no vicissitude can find? Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind— But how could I forget thee? Through what power, Even for the least division of an hour, Have I been so beguiled as to be blind To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore, Save one, one only, when I stood before, Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more; That neither present time, nor years unborn Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

—WILLIAM WARDSWORTH.

## MARRIAGE IDEALS.

### Problems of Racial Sacrifice in a Time of Conflict.

#### "BIOLOGY AND EUGENICS."

HAD Prince Joseph Camillus an elementary knowledge of biology and eugenics he would be aware that my opinions on this subject are not my own "confident dogmatism," nor based on ignorance of these subjects, as he so airily suggests. The fact of many great men and women dying unmarried has no bearing on my three theses, which have been well thought out and formulated by careful students of these comparatively modern fields of research.

It merely makes one regret that the noble traits in their characters were not perpetuated by their transmitting them to offspring, and illustrates the loss to the human race caused by their not fulfilling the natural instincts of humanity.

Perhaps your correspondent may not be aware of the fact that the present position of Spain, once mistress of the seas, in the domain of empire is mainly due to the destruction by the Inquisition of her most virile and independent spirits, the more noble and feeble characters being left to continue the race.

We are not "in Heaven" yet. If your readers cannot approve the highest ideals of marriage, it is their loss.

ELLIS ROBINSON, M.A.,  
Balliol College, Oxford.  
Kidlington, Oxon.

#### UNSELFISH EACH- LORS?

WE ARE always told how selfish the bachelor is, but is this really so? If he is ill or dies, the bachelor has no wife to worry over him; if he loses his money and is ruined he drags no wife down into poverty.

Surely, by living a single life and saving some woman much inevitable worry and trouble, the bachelor proves himself to be truly self-sacrificing and unselfish.

TRUTH.

#### FATE OF BACHELORS.

YOUR correspondent, "Prince Joseph Camillus," takes up his pen in a surely quite unnecessary defence of the unmarried.

Some of the noblest specimens of the human race passed through life in a state of single blessedness, as we are told by The Buddha, St. Paul and Origen were all bachelors.

Quite so, and wonderfully clever it was of them to manage to retain their freedom!

Joan of Arc and Miss Nightingale were also single, says the Prince.

But, then, Joan of Arc was burnt so very young, poor thing, before she had time to look round, and Miss Nightingale was always so busy and had perhaps seen enough of men. They hardly count.

C. E. J.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 1.—The delphiniums (perennial larkspurs) are some of the finest plants we can grow in the summer garden. When thoroughly established they often attain a height of 8ft., their great spikes of blue making a beautiful show. Delphiniums may be planted this month give them good deep soil and a sure position. Plants that have not been disturbed for three or four years should be dug up, divided and back in fresh ground. Seed may be sown side in April.

E. F.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

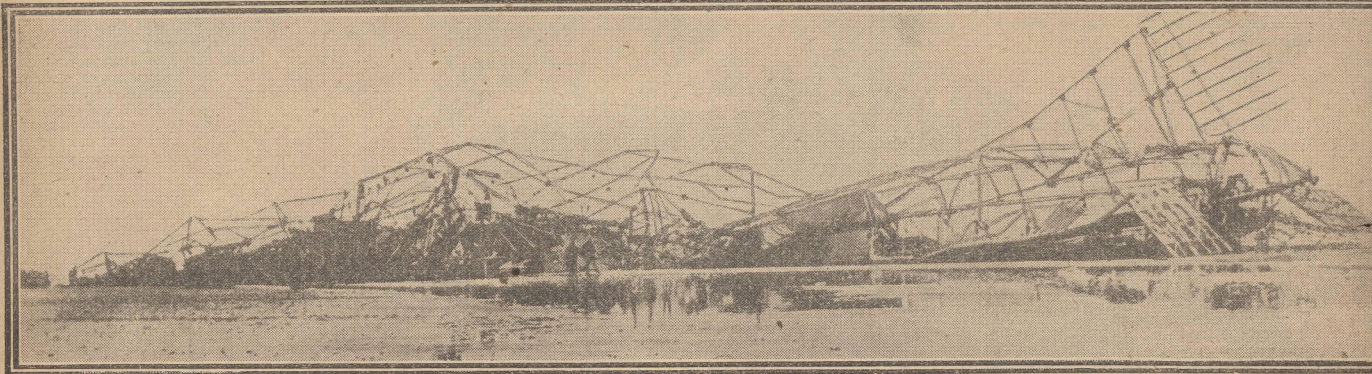
Never speak ill of a person unless you are sure of your fact; and, even if you could not, ask yourself, why do I make it known?

K. Lavater.



# THE WRECK OF ZEPPELIN L3: YOU CAN WIN £500 BY V

P-2208 9-2



The German Zeppelin L3 after it was stranded on the Danish island of Fanoe. The aluminium frame has now been melted down. Sir

91148

## OUR TOMMIES TAKING A DIP IN THE BRINY DEEP.

9-4191



Some of the Empire's Colonial troops bathing from a transport on their way to Egypt. Most of these men are used to sea bathing, and take a dip whenever there is an opportunity. Many of the men on this transport took part in a series of swimming races during their journey.

## HUSBAND LOST.

P-440



Lady Edith Douglas-Pennant, who is advertising for information of her husband, Lieutenant the Hon. Charles Douglas-Pennant, of the Coldstream Guards,



These bombs were dropped. was stranded

## ST. DAVID'S DAY: THE NEW W

P-227



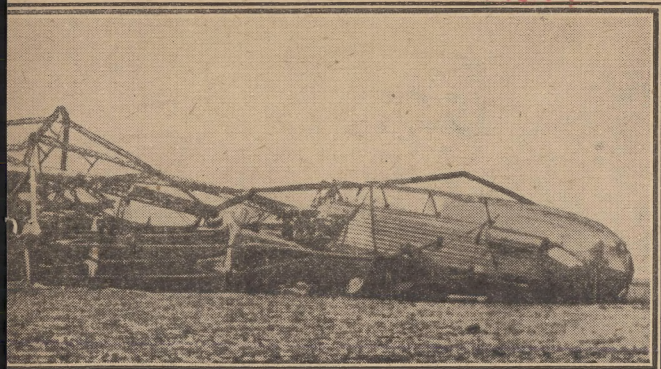
Sir Francis Lloyd shaking hands with well-wishers.

Yesterday being St. David's Day it was appropriate that the guard at Buckingham Palace. Inside the quadrangle were a who commands the London district. The band pl



# Y LOSES ONE OF HER GASBAGS

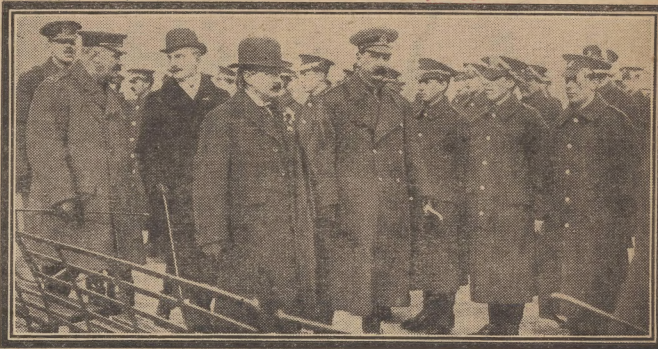
P. 2205



ed down. The failure of these unwieldy craft has greatly disappointed the Germans.

# A MILE OF WELSH SOLDIERS

P. 210



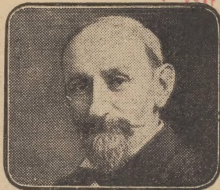
General Sir Hector Mackinnon and Mr. Lloyd George reviewing the First Brigade of the Welsh Army Corps at Llandudno. The Chancellor of the Exchequer walked the whole length of the line—a distance of about a mile.



recked Zeppelin L3, which  
and of Fanoë.

## AUTHOR DEAD.

P. 934



Mr. Frank T. Bullen, who has died. He was the author of some of the most fascinating sea stories ever written.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## HOW YOU KNOW.

P. 324



It is easy to tell if a girl has a husband or a sweetheart in the Army as she nearly always wears his regimental badge in her hat, like the subject of this picture.

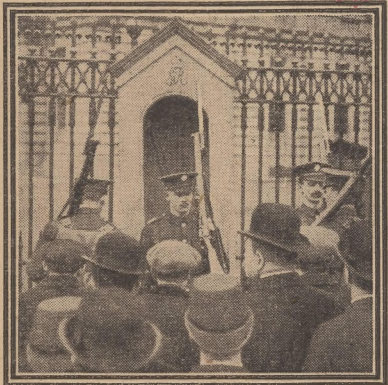
## ON PALM BEACH: WHERE THE SUN SHINES IN WARM WINTER.

P. 1705



## GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

P. 9906



The Welsh Guards relieve the Grenadiers.

appearance of the newly-formed Welsh Guards should be as the officers from the Guards regiments, including Sir Francis Lloyd, arch, "The Queen's Dream."—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A duty of the American social world enjoying herself at Palm Beach, Florida, where so many wealthy persons have been wintering in warmth and sunshine. She is wearing one of the most novel bathing-suits of the season, made of striped pink and white cerise, a pink bathing-cap and white silk stockings.





## Where SILVO "shines"

THE smartness of your dinner table depends on the brightness of your silver. Clean the silver with

*Silvo—the  
new plate  
polish*

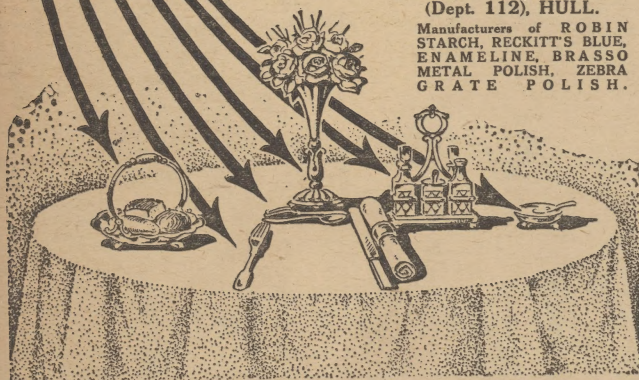
and it will shine with a dazzling brilliancy which will delight you. SILVO not only polishes but thoroughly cleans; there is no necessity to wash the silver after cleaning, as SILVO leaves no taste or smell. You can use it with perfect safety as SILVO contains nothing to injure gold, silver, or plated goods.

Send a post card to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. 112), Hull, giving your name and address and that of your Grocer, and TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE.

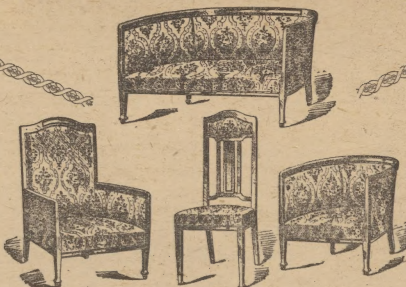
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If your home was smashed up to-morrow by a Zeppelin Bomb, could you afford to buy another?

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GREAT OFFER BY SMARTS.**

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A most acceptable addition to the home. Strongly made, well sprung and upholstered in art tapestry of your own choice. Exactly as shown. Only **£3 19 6**

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Whitby Jet Brooch, 24in. long, 1/9 post. free.  
Whitby Jet Brooch, simple and elegant, 2in. long, post. free.  
Lengths are approximately.  
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Whitby Jet with cut Earrings, Jet Earrings, long. Very best size 1/11s. post. free 2/6.  
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# Ivelcon

## PRIME BEEF AND VEGETABLES IN CUBES

Ivelcon warms and invigorates. Ivelcon contains the strength-giving tonic properties of beef and vegetables. It is almost instantly digested, and its goodness is quickly assimilated by the system. Made in a moment; just add boiling-water to a cube. Get some to-day for yourself, and if you are interested in the welfare of a soldier or sailor he would welcome a tin of Ivelcon more than anything else.

6 cubes 6d.; 12, 1/-; 50, 3/6. From Grocers & Stores. St. Ivel Ltd., Yeovil.

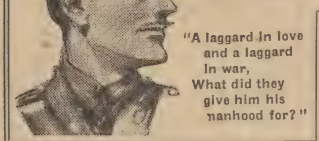


# READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPENDING SERIAL TO-DAY.

## RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

*A Romance of Love and Honour.*

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his nanhood for?"

### CHAPTER I.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his clubroom. He is dozing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is slack to the core, and bored with everything, including himself. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—suit him admirably.

He certainly hadn't much to offer Sonia in the way of money himself; in fact, his allowance had not been sufficient to keep himself, but he was quite sure that Sonia was very much in love with him, and—well, she seemed to be quite satisfied with the bargain, which included his good name.

It was a very lucky thing indeed, he reflected, that Sonia suited him so well. For it was Sonia's dead father who had bought the family estate, Bursvale, when things had gone wrong at home. And his marriage to Sonia meant that he would again live in the old house and rule as its master.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen in the shadowy light, but he can hear. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is to be his best man. As usual, they are talking about the war—and Chatterton is fed up with staring about the war.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is. . . . He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. . . . He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . ." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. He has received the biggest shock of his life. The blood rushes to his face as he recalls the remarks. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much, and the marriage was coming along.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia is still in the same curious mood she has been in for some time. Her pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. She only answers him in monosyllables, and the only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. She even refuses to let him kiss her. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money.

Sonia suddenly asks him why he doesn't let his valet, Carter, enlist. "Have you been bitten with recruiting fever?" Richard tries to say lightly. "You'll be trying to pack me off next, and Montague."

"Mr. Montague would have gone if he hadn't had that accident," replies Sonia; "he is not a coward."

Richard flushes hotly. "It is of no use my saying," he says, "that I am not to get on each other's nerves. When we are married—"

"We may never be married!" interrupts Sonia, though there is something pathetic in the hardness of her voice.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He is in the mood to have a row with anyone. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

An envelope on the mantelshelf attracts him. He glances at it: it is in Sonia's handwriting and addressed to Montague. As he stands dazed a telephone bell whirs sharply. As no one answers it he takes up the receiver. As he listens he feels like a man turned to stone, for the voice is Sonia's!

"Francis, I'm going to do what you ask me," the voice says, and there is a little laugh in it, a pretty cadence. "I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

### BARBED THOUGHTS.

LONG after Sonia's pretty voice, with its suspicion of tears, had died away, Richard Chatterton stood beside Montague's writing-table with the telephone receiver hanging limply in his hand.

He felt as if a sudden earthquake had ripped up the ground beneath his feet and left him in chaos; his mind was a confused jumble; once he passed a hand across his eyes as if to make sure it had not been dreaming.

There was a step outside the door on the landing.

Chatterton started from his abstraction; he restored the receiver to its place, and had moved a step or two away when Montague's servant entered.

Chatterton spoke; his voice sounded a little dazed: "I shan't wait any longer. You might as well call."

"Yes, sir,"

Chatterton stood like one in a dream while the man helped him into his coat; the whirl of the descending lift seemed part of a dream, too; it was only when he was out in the night with the pouring rain beating down on him and stinging his face, that he began to realise that this thing had really happened, that he had, in very truth, spoken to Sonia over the telephone—that he had, with his own ears, heard her tremulous voice say that she was willing to run away with Montague and marry him as soon as he pleased.

A rush of such bitterness and hatred possessed him that for a moment he was deaf and blind to everything; Montague, who had posed as his best friend.

His feet had been—what a blind fool! Little incidents only hitherto subconsciously noticed came crowding back to his memory. Montague had always been very attentive to Sonia; he had put her down to affectionate friendship for them both.

He clenched his hands in the deep pockets of his overcoat. He would make them pay; he would show them that he was not such a simpleton after all.

For the moment he thought only of the insulting deception to himself; for the moment he forgot what this would mean—the loss of Sonia and . . . . .

He kicked his wet boots across the room, and shouted for Carter. There was no response.

He went out into the hall and shouted again, and then angrily. After a moment he went down the passage to Carter's room and kicked wide the half-open door.

The room was in darkness. Swearing softly he groped for the switch and turned up a light. The room was empty.

It was scrupulously neat, but Chatterton would not have noticed had it been chaotic—his attention was caught by a recruiting poster pasted above the mantelshelf with drawing pins, and surrounded by a row of little flags such as he had seen hawkers selling in the streets of London since the outbreak of war.

From the doorway he stared across the room at the realistic picture of a wounded soldier with fixed bayonet standing over the body of a fallen comrade, and underneath were written the eloquent words: "Will they never come?"

He was at an answer to that appeal—Sonia's words flashed back to Chatterton's mind—"Why don't you tell Carter it's his duty to enlist?"

For a moment longer he stood there staring, a little in doubt between his duty and the glow of the light and went back to the sitting-room.

He stood for a moment in the centre of the room with irresolute eyes.

Was that the meaning of Carter's abstraction?—did that poster explain his growing inattention and forgetfulness?

Chatterton shrugged his shoulders as if to rid himself of an unpleasant thought.

"Right!" he said aloud; he moved nearer to the fire.

For the moment he had forgotten his wet clothes; the many events of the day were crowded into his mind clamorously, but it was all such a jumble—so confused; even now he could not be positive that it was not all a dream which had come to him as he slept in the clubroom.

He opened the door of the flat opened and shut softly. Chatterton turned.

"That you, Carter? Get me a hot bath; I'm wet through."

"Yes, sir."

Chatterton watched the man curiously as he moved quietly about. He was quite a young fellow, perfectly trained and capable.

He was rather thin, with a pale, serious face and dark hair; delicate looking rather than robust.

"He'd never pass the doctor," was the thought in Chatterton's mind. "A week in the trenches would finish him."

The thought was suddenly comforting. Chatterton felt more cheerful as he went off to his bath.

He was dressed, save for his coat, when Carter came in with the bathwater.

"Can you spare me a moment, sir?"

His tone was purposeful, but apologetic. Chatterton dropped his halfbrush with a clatter and swung round from the toilet-table.

"What is it, Carter?"

There was a tinge of colour in the man's pale cheeks. He shuffled his feet nervously.

"If you please, sir, I should like to enlist."

He picked up the brush and restored it to his master. "That is—if you can spare me, sir," he added, depressedly.

There was a momentary pause, then Chatterton laughed, rather grimly.

"If I can spare you!" he echoed. He thrust his long arm into the coat Carter was holding.

"I don't know that I count very much in such a question, Carter." The man looked distressed.

"You've been a good master to me, sir—if it had been anything but the war."

He let Carter clear the door brusquely.

"Of course, you must do as you please; I can't stop you—even if I wished to," he added as an afterthought. He half turned and looked at the man over his shoulder. "Have you had any training?" he asked.

"I was three years with the City of London Roughriders, sir—Volunteers, of course."

"Humph! Well do as you please."

The man's evident determination irritated him. The events of the day had got on his nerves; it seemed that in one fell swoop he was to lose everything he had been most confident of keeping.

Sonia . . . he could have sworn by her, and her love; Montague—the man whose friendship had seemed unquestionable, and now—Carter!

He let Carter clear the door while Carter whistled a taxi, but he let the cigar go out, and stood by the fire lost in thought.

This had been a tragic day for him. He could only wonder over his head there would be at his side which Mrs. Franklyn had inaugurated for the Red Cross Fund.

Chatterton had not intended to go; he was not at all keen on dancing. Only yesterday Sonia and he had had a tiff about the very subject—it gave him a pang now to remember it.

He supposed he had been rather selfish. She was not an exacting girl—he wished he had agreed to her plan.

For the first time it occurred to him that he had not quite understood that she meant to go all along, in spite of his refusal to accompany her; but for that telephone message he would never have known.

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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## The Prime Minister's War Speech.

Although some 200 members are serving King and country in the fighting Services, the attendance seemed to be quite up to the average in normal times yesterday when the Prime Minister made his eagerly-awaited speech on the war. It was, of course, a typical Asquithian speech, each sentence clear-cut, the words, the points and the arguments following each other in faultless fashion like regiments on parade.

## An Ideal Figure.

As Mr. Asquith's hair whitens under the stress and strain of these epoch-making times, he resembles more and more the British Prime Minister drawn by the pens of our famous novelists. A figure of medium height, upright, with feet planted apart, a broad back and shoulders, a pink, mobile face, a massive head, with full, whitish-grey hair—such is the Prime Minister as he stands at the Table of the House of Commons.

## A Tell-Tale Coat.

Close observers of the Prime Minister have frequently commented upon the "baggy" of his trousers. I am more interested in the occasional change of the Prime Minister's coat, for I have always noticed that when Mr. Asquith wears a frock coat with silk facings he is just going to see, or has just returned from seeing, his Majesty the King. Ordinarily Mr. Asquith wears a black morning coat in the House.

## Kitchener and Von Hindenburg.

Every officer in the Service is familiar with a certain metaphorical use of the term "dug-out." It is affectionately and chaffingly applied by retired officers whom the war has brought back into service to each other. A story is going round the New Army that Lord Kitchener heard this use of the word the other day for the first time. "Dug-outs!" said K. of K. grimly to the pessimistic politician who so described certain British officers in his hearing. "Well, Von Hindenburg's a dug-out." That Kitchener considers this leader one of the notable products of the war is no secret.

## Tact!

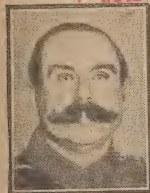
Oh, those tactful Germans! I learned from an American friend yesterday that the Germans do not hesitate to attempt to dictate what American journalists shall write for their newspapers. The editor of an American weekly of large circulation desired to see for himself the conditions of German rule in Belgium. He left London for The Hague, and there learned the Germans would not permit him to enter Belgium unless he gave certain undertakings as to what he should and should not write about the German occupation.

## They Had Read Him.

He indignantly refused to agree to the Germans' impudent demand, and they refused to give him a permit to enter Belgium. This extension of the German censorship to the American Press will, I learn, be ventilated in Congress as soon as this New York editor returns home. The Germans intimated that their "tactful" policy towards the American editor was because his paper frequently had denounced German military atrocities in stricken Belgium.

## £500 for a Zep.

I see that Sir Charles Wakefield has offered £500 to the first person who brings down a Zep. on the soil of the United Kingdom. Now don't all shoot at once. Sir Charles, by the way, is a much-travelled man and particularly learned in the trade problems of the Far East. He is a great supporter of the boy scouts and also of the imperial cadet movement.



Sir Charles Wakefield.

## Many Interests.

Sir Charles is generally spoken of in City circles as a coming Lord Mayor. His hobbies are aviation, motoring and picture collecting. As an art patron he has shown a sympathetic impressionist. In the world of charity Sir Charles's name is one to conjure with at all times.

## When He Surrenders.

"I shall make peace at the point of the bayonet" is the Kaiser's latest. But against whom will that bayonet be pointed? That's the point.

## Mr. W. S. Douglas.

It is with deep regret that I have heard of the death of my friend Mr. W. S. Douglas, the Scotch poet. He was not the business sort of Scotsman. He was essentially an idealist, but he had a rare gift in idealists, a saving grace of humour. Douglas did a lot of sound journalistic work, but he was happiest in writing such a book as "The Soul of Scotland." Like so many of his kind, he died young.

## "They Threw Nothing."

Douglas was a poet and a man with a very distinct personality. Amongst other things, he had very definite ideas about comic singing. Just to show people how it should be done, the brave Douglas once disguised himself as a stage Frenchman and attempted to sing a comic song to the Drury Lane lads at the old "Mo." "They were really very kind. They threw nothing," was his description of his experience.

## Many Happy Returns.

Many happy returns of to-morrow to Mile. Delysia, that charming Frenchwoman who has, in a sense, brought Paris to London at the Ambassadors Theatre. She will be twenty-five years old to-morrow, and is quite a big girl for her age. At the moment she is studying singing very seriously with Mme. Albani, and is also learning the piano. At present she sings only by ear.

## Hunted—but Hale and Hearty.

One of the busiest men in London just now is Bobby Hale, the Alhambra's laughter-maker-in-chief. In order that he should not have too many odd moments to while away, he is appearing as usual at seven performances in the present revue, rehearsing for anything from two to eight hours every day, and is, in addition, writing several scenes for the new revue. In his spare time Robert meets wounded soldiers sent home from the front in his car and drives them to any destination.

## Phyllis in Striking New Dances.

I hear that a number of striking new dances for Phyllis Monkman will be interpolated in the new revue. Few artists have made more



Miss Phyllis Monkman.

rapid strides in the profession than she, and yet it only seems a year or so ago that she was a flapper in "The Belle of Mayfair." Her sister Dorothy, who was recently appearing with George Graves in "Koffo of Bond-street," is now playing the lead on tour in "The Earl and the Girl."

## Some Profit Here.

The really fashionable night clubs—and there are one or two—are not in the least perturbed by the fact that they are unable to sell "strong liquors" after ten. So long as they can sell threepennyworth of mineral water with a slice of orange in it for ten shillings they won't complain.

## Please for Puffs.

Whenever we publish a picture of a beautiful woman somebody rings up on the telephone to say that he made her hat or gloves, and to ask in tones of pained indignation why these interesting facts have not been mentioned. It would be a nice thing, wouldn't it, if every time a picture of Lord Lansdale was published newspapers had to add to his name the words: "Cigar by Havana"?

## Stop Aside, Please.

A little boy was asked last week to write an essay explaining Great Britain's intervention in the war. Here is the essay: "The Kaiser is a great big bully, and when he trod on poor Belgium John Bull jumped up and said, 'Here, step off my little sister,' and John Bull biffed Germany."

## Ranji at the Front.

Major the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, known to all cricketers as Ranji, is now at the front with men, horses and motor-cars which he has placed at the service of the State. Writing to a friend in London, he says he is much amused at statements which have been made about his alarming increase in bulk. Since he last dazzled us at Lord's with his wonderful cricket he has put on weight, but he says he is more than a stone lighter than when last in London. "But we all look rather like bales of cotton," he says, "owing to the heavy clothes necessary out here."



"Ranji."

Frank Moran, the American champion, at the London Opera House on the 29th of this month. People who know the truth about the Bombardier's affairs know that his duty for the moment lies at home. He is supporting the family while his brothers are at the front. Someone has to do these things.

## "Conscripting."

People who are so anxious about the Bombardier might well think of themselves. Are they all doing their duty to the State? It is the same with much of the conscription talk. Somebody always wants to "conscript" somebody else.

## Wheaties Worried.

I hear from a friend in close touch with the Baltic that quite a number of wheat merchants who just lately have been called "wheaties" are getting frightfully worried at the turn of events in the Dardanelles. Of course, they are quite patriotic, and are very anxious to see the enemy beaten as soundly and quickly as possible.

## Levantines Meet.

I have just discovered the meeting-place in London of most of the Levantines who live in the metropolis. It is a dingy but very interesting little coffee-house near Old Compton-street, in the heart of Soho. The Levantines comprise almost every race that ever was heard of, from quick-witted Maltese to half-caste Sudanese, and the language used is the lingua franca of the Mediterranean.

## Cheering Our Victories.

They are all, without exception, so far as I have been able to find out, hearty supporters of our cause, and all of them take an almost frantic interest in the Dardanelles and the future of Constantinople. While I was having coffee news came of some more forts being taken, and there was quite a scene when they clapped hands, beat spoons against their cups and repeatedly called out "Brava."

## Tommy Decorated.

Tommy has a new decoration. He has added to his merry-and-bright list of nicknames, which includes "Jack Johnsons" and "Coal-boxes." Now I hear that he calls his body-belt "the dado round the dining-room."

## "Hi-pe."

I had a lesson in the latest Army slang yesterday. There was one word which beat me entirely, which seems to be the most popular word in the new Army-to-day. It is the word "hi-pe." A young recruit, when asked to explain the meaning of it, said: "'Hi-pe' Oh, 'hi-pe' means everything." Perhaps a more garrulous recruit will tell me the actual definition of this new military term.

## Like the Lion.

When! It was gusty yesterday. That is why the German sailor, who used to serve on the Bluecher before he was made a happy prisoner of war, remarked to his friend after he had been knocked down by the wind: "Now I know why the English speak of 'March coming in like the Lion!'"

## In the Narrows.

The British Navy is in the Narrows. That is why Turkey is going to have a narrow squeak, says a friend. She will squeak right enough, but that won't save her.

THE RAMBLER.



BABY PEGDEN.

## Whooping-Cough, Measles, Bronchitis, Influenza

Now that these illnesses are so prevalent, mothers are earnestly advised to build up their children with Virol, which has been proved to possess such remarkable powers of restoring wasted vitality.

Mrs. PEGDEN, 58, Knowle Road, Brixton, says:—"My boy at the age of nine months had a very serious illness (pneumonia and inflammation of the bowels). He was too ill to take milk, and being advised to try Virol we were immediately astonished at the improvement shown. You will see by his photo what a fine bonny little chap he is now (3 years old), and whenever he is run-down we immediately fly to Virol. It has, I consider, saved many a doctor's bill."

# VIROL

The serious nervous exhaustion after influenza is a sure sign of the physical condition in which the patient is left. This unhappy condition is overcome by the wonderful restorative power of Virol.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

VIROL, LTD., 132-136, Old Street, E.C.

S.R.B.

## No MORE GREY HAIR



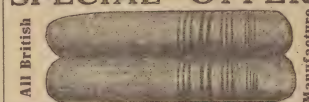
You can easily avoid that most disquieting sign of age—grey hair—by using

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(WALNUT STRAIN)

which imparts a natural colour, lustrous, dark brown, or black, and makes the hair soft and glossy. It is a perfect, cleanly and harmless stain, waterproof and lasting. One liquid, most easy to apply. No odour or stickiness. Does not soil the pillow. Price (securely packed) 1/2, 2/-, and 5/- per bottle. By post 3/- each. Address: J. L. VALENTINE, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

## SPECIAL OFFER!



5,000 pairs of White Knickerbocker Blankets, which are guaranteed to prove a great source of satisfaction to the purchaser. Measuring size 60 in. wide by 80 in. long. Sale price, 4/11 per pair. Try a sample pair. **WALLACE & GORTON**: 5 pairs for 14/-, illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Bedsteads, etc., post free if mentioning Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free if mentioning "The Mirror." 2/11, with next issue. Address: J. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.R.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodley Road, LEEDS.

## ARE YOU WASTING MONEY ON BOOT POLISH?

You can save money and get a better result by using Day and Martin's Giant 1d. Tin, which is about twice the size of most other makes at the same price. You can save *wasting* polish by using the Economic Disc, which lets out just as much polish as you want and no more. And have you seen the new invention, "The Tin with the Tab"? You just pull the tab outwards and upwards and loosen the lid. Patent applied for and provisionally granted. Send 1d. stamp for a "Tin of Polish with the Tab," to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, London, E.—(Adv.)



## BANKNOTES IN GRAVE

Widow Denies She Wrote Mysterious Letter Marked "X."

### AN ECHO OF THE BECK CASE

A mysterious letter marked "X" was the subject of discussion in Mr. Justice Darling's court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the action brought by Mrs. Emily Hague, a doctor's widow, against Mr. Thomas Bidwell Benton, a corn merchant, for £385, which is the balance, she says, due to her of £1,050 which she lent to him.

Her story is that she took the money from a tin box containing £1,200 in banknotes hidden in her mother's grave at Forest Hill. Mr. Benton denies that any money was lent to him at all.

Letter "X" is a letter purporting to have been written by her, the authorship of which she denies.

Mr. Gerald F. Gurrin, the handwriting expert, whose father also was so well known as an expert, continued his evidence. He has said that he considers the letter to have been written by Mrs. Hague.

Mr. Lewis Thomas, cross-examining, reminded the witness of the Beck case, and asked whether Beck was not twice convicted on the evidence of an expert, and whether the witness's father was not the expert.

#### THE SECRET HOARD.

Mr. Gurrin: He gave evidence twice. Counsel: After the evidence of your father Beck was convicted.

"If you put it that he was convicted as a result of that evidence," replied the expert's son, "I can't say yes. I do not know what the evidence was."

Mrs. Hague was then recalled by the Judge, who gave her the disputed letter, saying: "I want to ask you definitely now, after you have heard all the evidence. Look at the letter and consider it carefully. Did you write that or didn't you?"

Mrs. Hague: No, my Lord. Had I done so I would have said so at the first.

Addressing the jury for the defence, Mr. Vachell asked them if they believed the story of the £1,200 secret hoard in the grave.

He was not going to say for a moment that there were not instances on record, and plenty of them, in which people had hoarded up money.

But had the jury ever heard of such a store in banknotes? One might almost as well have expected Mrs. Hague to put a cheque in her mother's grave. The hearing was adjourned.

## THE CHANCELLOR AT LLANDUDNO.

P. 12930



Mr. Lloyd George on the balcony of the pier pavilion at Llandudno. With him are his son, Captain Lloyd George, and Brigadier-General Owen Thomas.

### 'STOP PLAYING FOOTBALL.'

"Football ought to be dropped," declared the Hon. John de Grey at West London Police Court yesterday.

Application was made for an occasional licence for the Chelsea football ground on Saturday, Mr. Leslie Smith explaining that there was a football match on the Stamford Bridge ground.

The Hon. John de Grey: No, I will not have anything to do with football at this time of national emergency.

Mr. Smith: I think that when the application was made on a previous occasion you refused on the ground that the man was an alien.

The Magistrate: That makes no difference. I do not like to give any facilities for entertainment at football matches at this time. I did say something about the man being an alien, but I find he is not.

Mr. Smith: His father was naturalised. May I point out that these matches are conducive to recruiting.

The Magistrate: No, on the contrary. Mr. Smith: They are being granted in other parts of London.

The Magistrate: I do not agree with you. Football ought to be dropped.

A war tax, ranging from 12s. on an income of £100 or under to £20 on incomes of £2,000, says a Reuter Petrograd message, has been imposed on men under forty-three years of age who are exempt from military service.

### 'FALL IN' RECRUIT DOLLS

Feather-weight dolls are the latest novelty for the nursery now being sold in the West End.

These new dolls are of the rag persuasion and though far from lovely in feature have a kindly, homely countenance that has won for them a warm corner in babies' hearts.

A very special advantage of these new "babies' babies" is that, being constructed of cloth, they can be sent to the dyers and cleaners and return from their trip absolutely new.

"Fall in" recruit dolls in khaki are among the latest gollywog nursery pets.

Judging from their figures one feels that before they are fit for the front they will have to attend many, many drills under a sergeant with a stern heart and a sharp tongue.

They don't seem to have any idea of the way in which a soldier should carry himself.

One is very knock-kneed and looks as though he were standing at attention with his knees and at ease with his feet.

But, however unsoldierly in appearance they may be, they have an air of helpless innocence that makes them beloved by every little mother in the nursery.

She will protect them from the sergeant and drill them according to her own ideas. They will never be ornaments to an army, but they will make the babies happy.

The Cupid or "Kewpie" dolls have become somewhat martial and war-like. Their quaint figure is now tied up with red, white and blue ribbons, and wears a khaki cap with a Union Jack perched on the front of it.

## "EVERYONE HIS PRICE."

Germany's View of Englishmen Explained in Trading with Enemy Case.

"I have been told all over Germany that every Englishman has his price, and that any English firm will supply goods for cash."

This was a statement alleged to have been made to a representative of a London export firm by Johannes Antonie Verhoef, forty-three, a Dutch subject, of Amsterdam, who at the Guildhall yesterday was committed for trial on a charge of attempting to trade with the enemy.

It was stated at the previous hearing that defendant went to Messrs. Schultze and Co., export merchants, Jewin-crescent, and was seen by Mr. Oswald Warburg, the managing director.

Saying that he wished to purchase cambrics, defendant handed to Mr. Warburg a slip of paper which bore letters and numbers which the firm had allotted to a former customer named Heinrich Cohen, of Munich, Germany.

When questioned, defendant said he had called on behalf of Cohen and that the goods were required for export to Holland and Germany.

Mr. Warburg stated yesterday that accused asked if his firm had an agent in Holland who would reforward the goods to Cohen in Germany.

## TO CURE COUGHS USE SUGAR AND TAR.

### A SPECIALIST'S SUGGESTION.

Obstinate tickling coughs, the kind that racks you to pieces and keeps you awake at night, can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by ten or fifteen drops of bitrate of tar on a lump of sugar, and letting it slowly dissolve in the mouth. The specialist who recommends this plan says it is superior to anything he has ever tried, and may be used with perfect safety and success on children three or four years of age. To make an excellent inexpensive cough syrup which children like, he says there is nothing better at any price than half a pound of granulated sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and then stir in 2oz. of bitrate of tar. When cool pour into a pint bottle, and it is ready for use. From half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful every hour or two will quickly relieve coughs and colds, and if regularly used for a few days will give remarkable benefit in cases of catarrh, asthma and bronchial affections.—(Advt.)

# PERFECT MARGARINE

DOUBLE **1/-** WEIGHT  
Or 6d. per 1 lb.

Everyone—young and old—likes this Perfect Margarine because of its fine flavour; the wise housewife insists on Perfect Margarine because of its purity, its nutritiousness, and, best of all, because it makes her money go so much further.

# Home & Colonial

STORES LIMITED





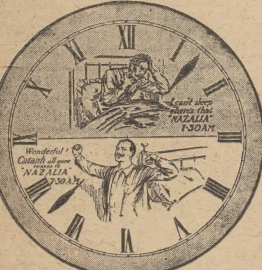
It's the  
Flavour of  
**H.P.**  
sauce  
that makes it  
quite unique.

It's easy for imitators to copy a bottle and label—but the contents of the bottle are quite different.

Avoid 'disappointment by insisting on seeing the letters "H.P." and the view of the Houses of Parliament which appear on every bottle of the One and Only H.P. SAUCE.



## THE CONTINUOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.



NAZALIA, the new scientific treatment for CATARRH, has this great advantage over all other methods of relief. The NAZALIA Treatment is CONTINUOUS until a PERMANENT cure is obtained. A peculiar feature of Catarrh complaints is the rapidity with which the unpleasant discharges accumulate, and no treatment acting only a few minutes a day can possibly battle with it. NAZALIA is a perfectly simple, inexpensive and harmless treatment that has brought already a complete cure to thousands of sufferers. It soothes the delicate nasal membrane—banishes all feeling of stuffiness—relieves breathing by clearing the throat and chest passages, and makes life, which was a burden, a pleasure again.

### TEST IT FREE.

I ask you to try this treatment at my expense. Simply send me your name and address, and I will at once send you absolutely free enough NAZALIA to convince you of its wonderful powers. Don't hesitate—commence your cure by writing for the free test to-day.

H. C. PAYNE, M.P.S., Chemist (Division 202),  
78, ESSEX ROAD, LONDON, N.

## MILITARY CAMP IN THE DESERT.



Camels unloading crushed barley for the New Zealanders at their desert camp near Cairo. Oriental life is thus seen blending with the military activity of the dominant white race.

### NEWS ITEMS.

#### Dear Coal Inquiry.

The Committee on Retail Coal Prices resumed its sittings yesterday at Westminster.

#### Magistrate's Death in Court.

Mr. T. C. Owens, a Cirencester magistrate, fell back in his chair and died while assisting yesterday at the Petty Sessions.

#### War Training for Americans.

A great movement to train American citizens for the defence of the nation has been started in the United States, says a New York message.

#### Six Men Hurt by Explosion.

A big gas tank exploded at Cardiff yesterday while being removed from Trinity House to a steam yacht and six men were seriously injured.

#### £1,000 Each for Coachman and Maid.

Mrs. Eliza Hamilton Gilchrist, of 25, Connaught-square, W., left £48,956, and bequeathed £1,000 each to her "faithful coachman" and "valued maid."

#### Mr. Frank Bullen Dead.

News was received at his residence at Bourne-mouth yesterday of the death at Madeira of Mr. Frank Bullen, the author of sea stories and writer on naval subjects.

#### Cyclist's "Puncture."

The name of Captain Ede, of the 19th Division Cyclist Corps, whose picture with his bulldog Puncture was published in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, was wrongly spelt Ede.

#### Dark Days Coming for Turks.

Constantinople is threatened with darkness, says the *Central News*, for, according to the *New York Herald*, coal stores at the Ottoman capital are becoming exhausted.

#### Her Restless Tongue.

"Talk to your husband like that, but don't keep it up here; everything is going in your favour, yet you will talk," said the Judge at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday to a woman plaintiff.

### YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Very moderate racing marked the opening stage of the Derby meeting yesterday. Nothing opposed Ballymadun in the Derbyshire Steeplechase, and altogether only twenty-four horses were added during the afternoon.

Sir Peter Walker's St. Edgar gained a very popular victory in the Omaston Hurdle, for which he was a hot favourite. The best-backed horses, indeed, had matters all their own way throughout, for Feverish was the only favourite to fail.

For the concluding stage of the meeting to-day selections are appended—

- 2. 0.—Quarndon Chase—JOHN REDMOND.
- 2.50.—Spendon Hurdle—EMERALD ISLE.
- 3. 0.—Doveridge Hurdle—GRAYLING IV.
- 3.50.—Rangers Chase—RESTITUTION.
- 4. 0.—Four-Year-Old Hurdle—ALBANY BEEF.
- 4.50.—Hunters' Chase—ABAKUR.

#### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*GRAYLING IV. and ABAKUR.

BOUVERIE.

### DERBY RACING RETURNS.

2. 0.—Sawley Hurdle. 2m.—Mafios (13-8, Robson), 1; Lady Farman (5-1), 2; Sidley (11-4), 3. 6 ran.

2.30.—Friary Hurdle. 2m.—Garinish Island (4-5, Goswell), 1; Nadsen (9-4), 2. 2 ran.

3. 0.—Selling Chase. 2m.—Conte d'Hoffman (4-6, Saxby), 1; Uncle Michael (6-1), 2; Blair Hampton (9-4), 3. 5 ran.

3.50.—Omaston Hurdle.—St. Edgar (1-2, A. Newey), 1; Guiscard (9-4), 2; Runghall (100-8), 3. 7 ran.

4. 0.—Derbyshire Chase. 3m.—Ballymadun (F. Dainty) walked over.

4.50.—Elvaston Chase. 2m.—Royal Canal (100-8, Dainty), 1; Feverish (2-1), 2; Simonoff (5-2), 3. 5 ran.

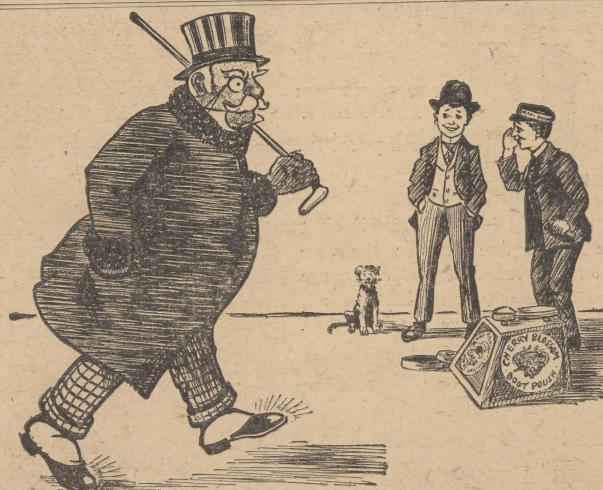
### LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—100 to 8 Outram (t, o) and Polystrate (o), 100 to 7 Lord Annandale (t, o), 20 Bachelor (t, o).

GRAND NATIONAL—3 Irish Mail (t, o), 100 to 8 Bachelor's Flight and Father Confessor (t, o), 100 to 7 Ally Sloper (t, o), 100 to 6 Silver Top (t, o), 20 Dialafi (t, o).

Yesterday's football results were: League I.—Bradford 1, Chelsea (h) 0. League II.—Birmingham (h) 1, Fulham 0. Southern League.—Millwall (h) 1, Plymouth Argyle 1.

An important heavyweight contest has been arranged to take place at the London Opera House on March 29, the same night as the Wells-Moran match, between John McElduff, the heavyweight champion of Scotland, and Harry Reere, of Flatow.



"Wot's he got them blinds over his boots for, Billy?"

"According to the new War Office Regulations that brilliant lights must be shaded. Yer see, I cleans his boots wiv CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH."

## WHAT ELECTRICITY CAN DO.

THE value of electrical appliances in this country has increased of late years by leaps and bounds, and the advance of the science of electricity has far exceeded many other inventions, particularly in its adaptation to various diseases.

Electrical treatment of different ailments to which the flesh is heir is now recognised as the most important step in modern therapeutics. Many theories respecting the nature of electricity have been advanced for the purpose of explaining electrical phenomena. The theory of Dr. Franklin supposed the existence of a single homogeneous impalpable fluid of extreme tenuity and elasticity, in a state of equable distribution throughout the material world.

### WHEN DISTRIBUTED IN BODIES,

in quantities proportionate to their capacities of attraction for it, such bodies are said to be in their natural state. There is no doubt that electricity since it has been more generally adopted has wrought a vast amount of good in the health of the community at large. Still, there are many sufferers to-day who might be cured of their diseases if they did but realise the incalculable benefit derivable from the use of electricity judiciously applied.

THERE IS NO POSSIBLE ROOM FOR DOUBT that electricity does possess curative virtues of an unrivalled order, and can be triumphantly employed in combating disease and in alleviating human pain and suffering, and this is amply corroborated by the abundant testimony of thousands of sufferers who have been cured by it. The solid progress of rational and properly directed treatment by the processes of Nature's forces—electricity—is indeed remarkable. With reference to the question of electricity being one of Nature's greatest forces, we may mention that the amount of electricity generated by the processes of life varies with different individuals, but that electricity is the origin and energy of all life.

### AND HERE WE MAY DRAW ATTENTION

to the immense scientific value of the "Ajax" Battery and to its marvellous curative efficiency in cases of constitutional disease and in alleviating human pain and suffering, and this is amply corroborated by the abundant testimony of thousands of sufferers who have been cured by it. The solid progress of rational and properly directed treatment by the processes of Nature's forces—electricity—is indeed remarkable. With reference to the question of electricity being one of Nature's greatest forces, we may mention that the amount of electricity generated by the processes of life varies with different individuals, but that electricity is the origin and energy of all life.

IN THE AJAX DRY CELL BATTERY, each cell is a battery in itself, capable of generating at the will of the wearer a certain volume of constant current. The adjustment of the apparatus takes no time, it gives no trouble and causes no annoyance. The claim is made that the "Ajax" Dry Cell Battery will cure many cases wherein milder currents have failed to accomplish any more than partial results. This claim is based upon the fact that this body battery generates in actual volts and amperes the power to produce such an electrifying influence upon the nerves, adding more power to the bodily organs, as to enable it to infuse the proper amount of life—vitality—into the general system.

THIS BATTERY IS AN EXCELLENT REMEDY for those who are run down, those who suffer from nervous debility and exhaustion, from overwork and neurasthenia. It improves the digestion and is invaluable for those who are constipated. Among other diseases to which treatment by this battery is recommended we may mention liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism and allied complaints, sciatica, neuralgia, ailments arising from bad or poor circulation, etc., and all weaknesses resulting from a lack of vital force. The reason of the success attending the use of the "Ajax" Dry Cell Battery is not far to seek, for from no other remedial agent in the entire range of therapeutics can such varied and brilliant results be obtained as from an intelligent and skilful utilisation of electricity.

### IN CONCLUSION,

we may add that the invention of this appliance is due to the British Electric Institute, who issue an explanatory volume, which is sent free in a sealed envelope to everyone who will apply for it to Dept. 24, 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Those who can call at the Institute will be shown a large number of original letters received from patients, most eloquent in their expression of gratitude for benefits derived from the use of this Battery. Copies of these letters are sent to those patients who cannot call. Even a postcard suffices to bring this most interesting book to your home, and you will be well advised to write for it at once, as the number set aside for free distribution is limited.

TO READERS.—On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward direct from the home address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Half-Guinea Brusselsette Carpets, bordered suitable for any room, in Turkey patterns and large enough to cover an ordinary sized room, with Free Rug or we will send 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 0/6. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash refunded. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Carpets, Rugs, &c., post free. 2/101015. Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.L.V.) WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.





10

1875



Begin our New Serial on Page 11.

"At last a really great serial has arrived."

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

The two messages above are extracts from telegrams of congratulation which have reached us about our New Serial, "Richard Chatterton, V.C."

"Congratulations on a really splendid serial."

## COOKING DINNER DURING BATTLE.

9331E



This photograph shows a British "Tommy" quietly cooking his dinner on a brazier in the trenches, while his comrade is firing at the German lines. Man must eat if he is going to fight well.

## THE WELSH FLAG DAY IN LONDON.

8965



Two girls attired in the Welsh national costume selling Welsh flags on behalf of our gallant Welsh troops yesterday (St. David's Day) in London. Many Welsh girls were busy round London's big shopping centres.

## THE TURKISH TROOPS HAVE REACHED EGYPT, BUT ONLY AS MILITARY PRISONERS.

9428D



Some of the Turks have got to Egypt right enough, but they have arrived as prisoners. The detachment in these photographs is seen in the Kasr-el-Nil Barrack Square, Cairo, and en route through the streets of Cairo to the prison quarters. Note the variety of



costumes worn by the captured men, many of whom were almost in rags. The armed escort was drawn from the men of the Lancashire Fusiliers. The prisoners have been moved to Touro.